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THE BLOOM OF THE HEART.

Under the blue of the mid-May sky,
Under the shadow of beech and lime,
Watching cloud-shallops drifting idly by,
Free from the thraldom of fate and time;
Lulled by the murmur of breeze and stream,
Twitter of songster, flutter of spray,
That sweetly blend with the waking dream,
And whisper one magical word alway;
Held by the spell of an exquisite face,
A voice that is dearer than all things dear,
Ah, but the world is a fairy place
In the bloom of the heart, the May of the year!

Sitting alone in the waning light,
In the dead November's leaden dearth,
Watching the mists rise ghostly white,
And blend in the shadows, and quench the earth;
Musing for ave on the might-have-been—
Sweet might-have-been that may not be!—
The tender hopes and the fancies green
That faded and fluttered from life's fair tree;
Haunted always by a vanished face,
A voice that is hushed in the midnight drear,
Ah, but the world is a weary place
In the gloom of the heart, the gray of the year.

The Etchin Diamonds.

Arthur Stangate, attorney-at-law, was my brother. He had succeeded to my father's business, and no name was more esteemed and trusted in all Runnington, and Runnington was a rich and important place. My brother's offices were in the town, two miles distant; but he did almost as much business among the gentry at his own private house.

Most of the great folks employed him; but his best client was Sir Atchin Eckford, a *ci-devant* Indian judge very wealthy and the possessor of some rare and costly jewels, known in the country as the Etchin Diamonds. Their name even makes me shudder now.

One evening, as Arthur was preparing to return to his office, where important business would detain him all night, Sir Etchin's groom left a parcel, with a note. The latter stated that the former contained the famous Etchin diamonds, which their owner thought safest to intrust to Arthur's care, as he had been unexpectedly called to London.

"I don't care what deeds they leave with me," said my brother; "but I don't like such trusts as these. Still, I suppose I must keep them."

Of course he could not send them back; so taking the parcel, he at once proceeded to his study to lock it in the iron safe. I went with him, and with a woman's curiosity and love of jewelry, besought a peep at the gems before they were put away.

Arthur, the best brother in the world, instantly removed the paper covering, disclosing a square morocco box, brass bound, with the key tied to the bundle. Opening it, he showed me the gems. They were indeed, magnificent, set in the massive Indian fashion, while many of the diamonds were yet uncut. One by one, bracelets, bangles, necklets, Arthur lifted, and flashed in the lamplight before my dazzled vision.

He was holding a superb emerald and diamond necklet in his hand, for my admiration, when happening to raise my head, a cry of alarm burst from my lips.

"What is it, Nell?" asked Arthur.

"The man!" I replied. "See! the window is uncurtained, and I am sure I saw a man looking in from the tree outside."

"Nonsense!" cried Arthur.

Nevertheless, he flung up the window, called, and gazed in every direction. There was nothing—not a sign, not a sound; and assured as I was that I had been mistaken, he fastened the latch, and dropped the curtain.

As, however he was about to put away the diamonds, I said, "Arthur, would it not be better to place them in the safe in your bedroom?"

He agreed in the advisability, and locked them up; then, having cautioned me to see well to the house fastenings, and asked again if I was really not frightened to remain alone a night with only the servants Jane and Jenkins, he left for town. I saw everything secure and went to bed early, locking Arthur's bedroom, and taking the key with me.

It was long before I slept. When I did, I was almost immediately aroused by a slight sound at my door. I asked who was there. Jane's voice answered in a cautious whisper. Seeing something was wrong, rising, I admitted her. No sooner had she entered than, quickly closing, she fastened the door, and exclaimed, in accents of terror, "Oh, miss! what shall we do? For mercy's sake, make no noise—don't get a light. Burglars are breaking into the house, and I'm sure Jenkins is their accomplice."

"Burglars!" I cried. Then the thought of the face flashed across me. "Gracious powers!" I exclaimed, "they are after the Etchin diamonds!"

I saw it all. The groom's errand had been divined, my brother's absence was known, and, by Jenkins' treacherous aid, the place was being attacked. I dropped stunned on the bed. Then I started up.

At any cost—even life—the diamonds intrusted to Arthur must be saved. Hurriedly I dressed, and while doing so, heard the soft sound of persons moving in the house.

"Jane," I said, having explained all to the faithful girl, "I must get Sir Etchin's diamonds."

"How, miss? If you go in the passage they'll murder you."

"True; therefore I must get out by the window. They will not hear, for they believe the box is in the study and it will take them long to discover their mistake."

Opening the window, I got out on the veranda. How fearfully it sloped! Could I do it? Yes, by pressing my feet against the gutter. Slowly I went, foot by foot, until I reached Arthur's window. My heart leaped as I found it unfastened. Quickly I entered, opened and relocked the iron safe, and with the diamonds, more slowly and with greater difficulty returned.

Reaching my own room I did not enter, for what could two helpless women do against strong evil men, bent on plunder? Instead, I ordered Jane to tear a sheet into threads, having attached which to the box, I bade her lower it to me, after I had descended by the trellis.

She did as I directed, then joining me, we carrying the box between us, ran from the house.

We had not gone a dozen yards before the dread of pursuit and having the diamonds wrested from us, possessed me.

"Jane," I said, "this will never do. Let us make for the hollow oak. We can put the box in that; they'll never find it before help comes."

Hastening in the direction together, we managed to raise the box high enough to reach the hole, and I toppled it in. It fell with a heavy thud; I knew it was safe. I then told Jane to run to Hawthorns, the nearest house, arouse the people, and bring some of the male servants back. She wanted me to go with her, but I dared not leave the neighborhood of the tree, lest any miserable chance should occur of the burglars finding the treasure. Crouching among the bushes some yards off, I bade the girl hasten.

Scarcely had she gone than a noise in the house attracted my attention. My flight with the jewels was discovered. My heart stood still, and the blood in every vein turned cold. With Jenkins there were three of them. Through the darkness I could see they were beating and searching the bushes. They had guessed we could not carry the box far, and evidently were in hopes of finding it before help come.

Twice, thrice, they approached so near to where I was, that my hair stood on end. The fourth time it was Jenkins himself—I knew him, despite his crape mask—that drew aside the branches and discovered me.

With a cry I endeavored to fly, but the burglars instantly secured me. Hardly can I describe the scene that followed. It makes my flesh now creep with horror. They looked around for the box, and not finding it, with awful oaths and threats bade me say where it was. My only reply was to shriek aloud, until they checked me by blows, and finally by placing a pistol at my head. I implored mercy; but I remained firm. I felt my senses leaving me; they, too, saw it, and by twisting my arms to create exquisite torture, aroused me. At last one exclaimed, "It won't do to fire. It'll bring others upon us. Gag her and take her along to the lake!"

To the lake! What were they going to do? Drown me? My brain swam; but I resolved to remain firm, and save the diamonds. Reaching the edge of the water, the villains, taking me by the shoulders, laid me back in the lake, pressing my head beneath. My mouth being gagged I could not cry out, and never shall I forget the horrible sensation. Surely I tasted death then!

Every few seconds they raised me to demand the whereabouts of the diamonds. I answered by a shake of the head. How long all this lasted I cannot tell; but abruptly a fearful noise sounded in my ears—I felt the water was rolling over me, and I was conscious no more.

The immersion caused the most curious sensation I ever felt in all my life before I became unconscious. My breath went and came at fitful intervals, and I had a painful sense of smothering or suffocation, which paralyzed my brain and deadened all power of volition. I could not speak for the life of me, neither was I able to offer the slightest resistance to my tormenters.

When I came to I was in my own room. Arthur was near me, and the first words he said were, "My brave Nellie! You have saved the Etchin diamonds. The help Jane brought arrived just when the ruffians flung you into the lake; but they are all captured!"

It was a considerable time before I thoroughly recovered from the nervous fever that awful night occasioned. One day Arthur came to me smiling. "See, darling!" he said, "those villians brought a few threads of silver to your hair, but—"and he held up a magnificent bracelet—"they have put gold on your wrists. The Baronet asks you to accept this for your bravery in preserving the Etchin diamonds."

Strategy of the Walrus.

The walrus has a singular mode of adapting his attack upon enemies to the circumstances in which he is placed. They can shiver ice from four to six inches thick by rising from below and striking it with their huge heads. An exploring party near Navaya Zemla, while walking over a field of new ice, noticed a herd of walrusses following them under the ice. They presently began operations, and broke the field in pieces on all sides of the party, which barely escaped by running for the main pack of ice near by.

Reforming a Thief.

A certain prominent grocery firm in Ashton had been missing little articles quite frequently, and suspicion fixed upon a certain young man who visited the store occasionally. They agreed to watch him the next time he came in, one partner outside and one inside. They tried in vain for three weeks or more; still the articles disappeared and the young man made his visits; though he had not been seen taking anything. One day last week the partner who was watching from the outside, pretended to be reading a newspaper, and by looking over it, caught him in the act. The inside partner collared him and led him back to the rear to counsel him.

"Now," said the merchant, "you have been stealing from me for several weeks, and I want to know how much you think you owe me? Be honest about it; you have been both clerk and customer."

The young man stated the amount he considered justly due, and was anxious to pay it.

The merchant said, "Well, sir, you know the law doesn't allow a man to steal, and you must take your choice, to pay me all you owe me and submit to a whipping, or go to the penitentiary. Which will you do? You are young and may be reformed, and I don't want to disgrace you publicly, but I feel that I would do a great wrong to let you go without a whipping to remind you of it. The young man said he would receive the whipping and pay up; while he appreciated the kind motives of the merchant he would like very much to have the whipping omitted. The merchant invited him to walk down in the cellar and see what a fine stock was stored there. When they reached the bottom and the door was closed, the young man said:

"You won't whip me, will you?"

The merchant said he certainly could not do otherwise and satisfy his conscience.

"What are you going to whip me with?"

"That piece of board," replied the merchant, pointing to a strip some three inches wide.

"Buck yourself across the chicken-coop, and I'll try to do my solemn duty, young man. It's a serious matter, and I am truly sorry to have to do it, but my conscience requires me to do it."

The customers heard a noise for about a minute that they mistook for some one knocking the bung out of an empty barrel, or splitting kindling. After ten good hearty strokes the merchant let him up.

"How do you feel now, young man?"

"I feel bad sir; very sorry."

"I, too, feel sorry and bad, and I think you had better get down on your knees, and ask God to forgive your sins."

The young man prayed a feeling prayer, and shed copious tears of repentance.

When he arose the merchant said "How do you feel now?

"Awful, said the young man.

"Then, in order to impress this occasion on your mind, and that you may never forget the cause of it, just bend over that chicken-coop again a minute."

He bent over, and the sound of splitting stove-wood was heard again—ten more.

Then when he got up he wanted to cry, but the merchant insisted that it was too serious a case for that, and suggested that he lead in prayer again. The young man complied, and he had so much improved in that style of composition that the merchant released him.

"Now," said he, "you are a young man, you are respectable, and move in respectable circles; you have kind and honorable parents; this would disgrace you and them if made public, you have submitted to the chastisement and repented; pay me what you owe and go your way as usual, leaving off dishonesty, and I'll not molest you." He went, but he hasn't paid the money yet. This style of reformation for young men beats the Penitentiary.

The Hermit of Cavan's Point.

John J. Hall, the hermit of Cavan's Point, New Jersey, died recently. He was seventy-six years of age, and was a thorough recluse. His only intimates were dogs, thirteen of which were in his cabin when he died. He would allow no human being to cross his threshold if he could help it. The reporter saw crouching before the door five mongrel dogs whining for admittance, and as the door was thrown open they leaped upon the straw tick on which the hermit died, and howled. Some rustics, attracted by the visitor, gathered around and joked and laughed. The cabin was crowded with a bed in the centre, the tick in one corner in a long box that was falling to pieces, a turning lathe on one side and a carpenter's bench on the other, and was littered with rusty tools, scraps of old iron, junk, wood, horns of cattle, and all kinds of useless rubbish. Clam shells were heaped up just outside of the doorway. On clams, dug from the beach, the neighbors say, the hermit and his canine companions subsisted. In many ways he was a remarkable man. His thirst for reading was insatiable, and he would stop on the road and talk by the hour on political economy and history. His political opinions were strong and undismayed. He would stoutly defend them in the midst of a throng of threatening gainsayers. While roaming along the beach, with all his dogs at his heels, he has been seen to pick up objects and stand abstractedly studying them until those who saw him were tired of looking. On the most unimportant objects around him he would talk learnedly and with interest. He was noted besides for his mastery of many trades. He was an adept at painting, shoemaking, carpentering, kalsomining, plastering and sign painting, and he made gentlemen's canes. He was sensitive and proud to the last in being self dependent. To offer him alms was to offend and hurt him; but he would take in provisions three times the value of his services in filing a saw, patching a shoe, riveting a jack-knife or mending a gun.

Little is known of his history. Six years ago he entered the empty cabin. Before that he had lived in an old canal boat on the shore of Mile Creek. Incendiaries burned the boat one day in his absence, together with his tools and a library that he had collected. He said that two burglars who broke into the boat and robbed him were sent to the State prison for five years each. The history of his life he would never tell, although often pressed to do so. His birthplace was in northern Vermont, and he lived for years in Meriden and New Haven, Conn. He had a brother, a ship-builder, in New Haven, to whom the news of his death was sent. There is a gap in his history that he could never fill. Suddenly he took to traveling, and at the time of the Seminole war he was in Florida trapping, hunting and fishing. Then he worked westward to Texas, and came back in time to go to Mexico in the Mexican war. His wandering habits clung to him afterward, and at the outbreak of the war he entered the army of the Potomac. On being pressed to live after a more civilized fashion, he positively refused. He was sick about a week, and refused all attempts to make him comfortable. A sympathetic neighbor, Mrs. Michael Welch, sent for County Physician Case. He visited the old man, left an order for medicine, and did not see him again until two days afterward. Then he recommended that the hermit should be taken to the hospital. The old man refused to go after the ambulance came, saying that the physicians would kill him any way, and that he wanted to die, if he must die, where he had lived. Yet he would not admit that death was overtaking him. From Friday until Monday, the day of his death, there was no fire in his stove. Seeing that he was dying, Mrs. Welch asked him if he did not want a clergyman. In a feeble voice the hermit replied: "No; I've lived without them, and I can die without them."

"Don't you know that you're going to meet your God?" asked the good woman.

The old man nodded his head. His dogs were then in the room, some by his side, and seven pups at his bed's head in a wooden box. His dark eyes were clear and bright until death. He called over the names of his dogs Dick, Dinah, Fanny, Flora and Jimmie, and soon afterwards died.

A Glance at Japan.

The restoration of the present Mikado, in 1868, was the signal for the opening of Japan to foreign influence. Teachers were invited to her universities, and merchants and travelers were allowed in five free ports and two cities. The customs of the people presented many ludicrous scenes for the enjoyment of strangers. The condition of woman in Japan is shown by the dressing of the hair, which is very elaborate except in the case of widows who have sternly resolved never again to trust the male sex—these shave off all the hair. The Japanese have recently acquired a taste for coins minted in the foreign style, and also for greenbacks. That they have advanced in American civilization, is shown by the recent occurrence of two bank failures, for $1,500,000.

The Japanese language presents some difficulties to the learner. A Baptist missionary began work on a translation of the Bible into Japanese. He had not a firm grasp on the fine shades of meaning of Japanese words. For the Greek word meaning to baptize, he selected a Japanese word which meant literally to soak. A well-known passage read thus: "In those days came John, the soaker, preaching and soaking in the desert, etc." It was found necessary to revise the translation. For a blasphemous man the language of the Japanese has no resources. You may invoke the names of pagan gods, but you can't construct an oath on genuine American principles.

Social life in Japan has many queer features. The young men do not a-wooing go; they resort to the prosaic device of a middle-man—a mutual friend, one might say, if that phrase had not been abused so much. The marriage ceremony consists of the bride and groom sitting crossed-legged opposite each other and drinking nine cups of tea from three cups. Were the American styles introduced the Japanese lover's proposal would doubtless be, "My darling, will you go three times with me?" Divorce is easy in Japan—for a man. He may get a separation from his spouse for several reasons, chief among which are that she is jealous, or disobedient to her mother-in-law, or that she steals, or that she talks too much! A pithy Japanese proverb for a scolding wife is: "A woman's tongue is only three inches long, but it can kill a man six feet high."

A Case of Retribution.

A remarkable case of retribution was that which overtook the murderer of a young actor, Sol Smith's brother Lemuel, who was killed in Augusta, Ga. He was shot by a man named Flournoy, who was acquited by the jury on the plea that the killing might be classed as the result of a duel. After hearing the verdict, Sol Smith said to the homicide: "Before God and man I charge you with murdering my brother! The sleep of the innocent will never more be yours. You are a murderer, and will evermore carry the mark of homicide on your brow. From this time forth in this world you will never sleep again." Two years after, Sol was accosted by an abject looking wretch, who stood before him in an attitude of supplication. It was Wm. Flournoy.

"Why do you follow me?" asked Sol.

"Because I want you to shoot me—right here."

"No, it is not for me to punish you." was the reply.

"It is not punishment I ask you to inflict—that I have received already, in full measure; it is vengence I ask you to take, for your brother's murder upon his assassin. You said I would never sleep any more, and I never have. I have closed my eyes at night as usual, have steeped my senses in brandy until unconsciousness came, but that blessed sleep you drove away has never returned to me for one moment. My life is a burden to me. Take it. Let me die by your hand, and then I may feel your brother may forgive me. I will die to-night!" he said impressively, as Sol turned away and left him. The next morning Flournoy's body was found at his country place. It was riddled by bullets and scalped. An Indian war had just broken out and he had been the first victim.

Dardanelles.

Before the end of 1806 Russia had driven Selim into the arms of France and Alexander was filled with alarm. He besought the British to undertake another of those diversions which began to sound so disagreeable in the ears of Englishmen—to send a fleet of theirs which was cruising in the Ægean Sea up to Constantinople and to compel Selim to relinquish his alliance with France and make terms with Russia and England. The Grenville Cabinet were rather glad of an opportunity of obliging Alexander, to whom they had refused both money and soldiers, and whose friendship it was important to retain, and they gave orders to Sir John Duckworth, then cruising off Ferrell, to join Admiral Louis at the mouth of the Dardanelles. Mr. Arbuthnot, the British ambassador at the Porte, offered the final terms to the two courts of Selim as soon as he heard of the junction of the two squadrons off Tenedos, on the 26th of January, 1807. They were declined, and from certain threats about making hostages, Mr. Arbuthnot feared for his own safety and that of all the English in the place. He arranged with the captain of the Endymion, which lay at hand, to invite all the English merchants and the whole legation, to dinner on board his ship, on the 29th of January. They went, wholly unaware that they were not to land again. When sitting in their dinner dress, they were told that their families and merchandise must be left to the mercy of the Turks and the generosity of Sebastiani. They had little appetite left for dinner. No communication with the shore was, however, allowed, and by 8 in the evening, when it was very dark, the Endymion was under way. The Turks did not find it out, or molest her passage down the Dardanelles, and she arrived in safety at the rendezvous at Tenedos. The strong and rapid current makes the passage comparatively easy that way. The difficulty is in passing the other way up to Constantinople. A strong south or southwest wind is necessary for this, and the fleet had to wait until the 20th of February. A terrible fire had destroyed the Ajax, of seventy-four guns, in the interval, with the loss of two hundred and fifty lives. Seven line-of-battle ships remained, and followed each other at intervals into the mouth of the strait. Neither the strenuous efforts of Sebastiani nor the explosion of the Ajax, nor any other warning that the English were coming, had roused the Turks to make the slightest preparation. The ships sailed proudly up the strait, undelayed by the fire of the forts at the narrowest part of the channel, and belching out flames and cannon balls as they went. They took and burned some of the Turkish ships and appeared before Constantinople to the horror of the whole popnlation, who were absolutely without the means of defense. The Divan would have yielded at once, but Sebastiani prevented it, and instigated a negotiation that proved a fatal snare to Sir John Duckworth, notwithstanding express warnings and instructions from Lord Collingwood. He was unwilling to destroy the city and shoot down the defenseless inhabitants, and he allowed himself to be drawn on from day to day, exchanging notes and receiving promises, instead of fulfilling his threats. Meantime not a moment was lost by the Turks. Women and children worked day and night at the defenses, and in a few days the whole coast was bristling with artillery, and the chance was over. The British officers had seen through their glasses the placing of the cannon, the arrival of the amunition, the lining of the coast with spirited troops, and the lodgement of garrisons in the towers, and they chafed under the intolerable disgrace of their inaction. But Sir John Duckworth had been negotiating during the whole of that fatal week, at the end of which there was nothing to be done but to get away as safely as they best might. The wind had not changed, and it did not change until the first of March, and the further delay thus caused gave time for charging the forts at the Dardanelles with men and ammunition. For thirty miles, reckoning the windings of the channel, the ships run the gauntlet of an incessant fire, and such a fire as was never seen before. Stone balls weighing seven and eight hundred pounds broke the masts, crushed in the decks, snapped the rigging and dismayed the hearts of the sailors. The hills smoked from end to end, and the roar of the artillery rolled from side to side. In another week, Sir John Duckworth declared in his dispatch, any return would have been impossible. The news of this singular affair spread fast over Europe.

How She Fooled Him.

John Sandscript's wife went to bed on the night before the 1st of April with her mind made up to fool the old man next day or die in the attempt. In previous years she had found John impervious to jokes of all kinds, and she realized the augean task on the morrow. With her mind full of the self-imposed task, she went to sleep. At daylight she awoke and at once began to operate Her victim was lying with his back to her, apparently in a sound sleep. She poked him vigorously in the ribs with her sharp elbow and clawed his shins with her toe-nails, preparatory to startling him with a half-whispered warning.

"John—oh, John—there's some one ringing the door-bell."

"Let 'im ring," was the sleepy response.

"But, John, maybe it's the man on the next square, who owes you that $100, come to pay you."

"No, 'taint, neither," said John with a yawn.

"But you don't know, and it may be that very man."

"I guess not, for he's buried; died last week. Besides, old woman, your ears deceive you. I took the bell-knob off last night to fool April-foolers."

Heavens! what a mess she had made of it to begin with! But when the old man rolled out of bed, yawned and picked up his pants, she rammed the sheet in her mouth to plug up her laughter.

"Oh, jeminy! won't he tumble when he puts his foot in them pants and finds the leg sewed up?" she said to herself.

Judge of her rage when the provoking brute innocently carried the blockaded breeches to the wardrobe and inquired:

"Nancy, where's them chocolate-colored pants I had on last week?"

"Put on the ones you have in your hands, John; what's the matter with them?"

"I burst a button off yesterday, and they need mending."

At breakfast she poured him out a nice cup of coffee and sweetened it with two spoonfuls of salt.

"You need'nt give me any coffee, "he said, "keep that yourself."

"Why, John, what's the matter? This is the first time since we were married that you refused coffee."

"The blamed stuff has made me nervous lately; and, as this is the first of the month I thought I'd break off and only drink it for supper. You keep that yourself."

When he came home to dinner she had prepared him a neatly directed envelope with a blank paper enclosed. He eyed it suspiciously, and throwing it into the fire, said:

"I know that handwriting. It's from that crazy lunatic who wants me to vote for him to-morrow. So much for his letter."

In the evening she disguised herself in one of her husband's old suits, and came to the door to beg for charity.

"Please to give me a nickel to buy some bread?"

"Get out, or I'll give you a nickel with my boot."

"But sir, consider. I'm starving."

"The dickens you are! Now, I'll bet you fifty dollars against the suit of clothes you wear, that you are an imposter."

"But, sir——"

"If I were to search you now I shouldn't be surprised to find you lousy with wealth. For two cents I would see."

"For heaven's sake——,"

"Now, none of your soft soap on me. I don't believe in beggars. Here, you policeman, take this infernal imposter to the station house."

Just as the "peeler" grabbed the supposed beggar by the back of the neck a shrill voice yelled:

"John! John! you wouldn't send your wife to the station house, would you?"

"The deuce I wouldn't," was the cool response. "Anybody who lies to me about my door-bell, sews up my trousers, puts salt in my coffee, writes me anonymous notes, and steals my clothes ought to go to the penitentiary for life."

"But how did you know——"

"If you women wouldn't talk in your sleep you might keep a secret once in a while."

Mrs. Sandscript says that hereafter, when she attempts an April-fool joke, she intends to sit up all the night previous

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

There are truths which some men despise because they have not examined, and which they will not examine because they despise.

Pride is like the beautiful acacia, that lifts its head proudly above its neighbor plants, forgetting that it, too, like them, has its roots in the dirt.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury begins on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.

The strength of a church is not its confession, nor fame, nor reputed gifts, nor any outward condition. The truly good men in it give it power in a community.

Happiness comes to us as sorrow does, in unexpected ways, and in sudden surprises; and sometimes in such disguise that we fail to recognize it until it is gone.

Laberality, courtesy, benevolence, unselfishness, under all circumstances and toward all men, these qualities are to the world what the linchpin is to the rolling chariot.

A genuine observer, says Hawthorne, is as rare as an original poet. To see well the mind must be full of hooks on which to hang the facts or feelings as they are harvested.

Preserve your conscience always soft and sensitive. If but one sin force itself into that tender part of the soul and dwell there, the road is paved for a thousand iniquities.

The greatest luxury of riches is that they enable you to escape so much good advice. The rich are always advising the poor; but the poor seldom venture to return the compliment.

Every heavy burden of sorrow seems like a stone hung around our neck, yet they are often like the stones used by the pearl divers, which enables them to reach the prize and to rise enriched.

Contentment abides with truth. And you will generally suffer for wishing to appear other than you are, whether it be richer or more learned. The mask soon becomes an instrument of torture.

A heart-memory is better than a mere head-memory. It is better to carry away a little of the life of God in our souls than to be able to repeat every word of every sermon we have ever heard.

The great moments of life are but moments like the others. Your doom is spoken in a word or two. A single look from the eyes, a mere pressure of the hand may decide it, or of the lips, though they cannot speak.

If thou art rich, then show the greatness of thy fortune, or what is better, the greatness of thy soul, in the meekness of thy conversation; condescend to men of low estate, support the distressed and patronize the negiected.

Memory is the friend of wit, but the treacherous ally of invention. There are many books that owe their success to two things—the good memory of those who write them and the bad memory of those who read them.

They who tread life's pathway ever beaming on their faces an expression of cheerfulness are radiant ministers of good to mankind. They scatter sunshine on all they meet; depression and gloom fade away in their presence.

The world is full of toil and trouble, but you can dodge a great deal of it, if you only try. The difficulty with many people is that they hold a magnifying glass over their griefs, and then pull the curtain down when the sun tries to come out.

It is a very great misfortune to have a fretful disposition. It takes the fragrance out of one's life, and leaves only the seeds, where a cheerful disposition ought to bloom. The habit of fretting is one that grows rapidly unless it is sternly repressed.

Honesty is the truth of the heart, and the truth of the lips; it is true heart feeling, poured forth in true utterance, whether of word or of deed. The life of an honest man is harmonious. The honest integral heart is strong and sound rock, on which men may build securely.

An instant decides the life of man and his whole fate; for after lengthened thought the resolve is only the act of a moment; it is the man of sense that seizes on the right thing to be done; it is ever dangerous to linger in your selection of this and that, and so by your hesitation get confused.

There is a department which suits the figure and talents of each person. It is always lost when we quit it to assume that of another.

Rage is essentially vulgar, and never more vulgar than when it proceeds from mortified pride, disappointed ambition or thwarted wilfulness. A baffled despot is the most vulgar of dirty wretches, no matter whether he be the despot of a nation vindicating its rights, or a donkey sinking under its load.

As rivers are generally deeper in winter, when there is more rain and less evaporation than in summer, so are our religious feelings wont to be deepest in the wintry season of sorrow, being then most fed with the showers of granted in answer to earnest prayer, as also exempted from the exhaustive influences of prosperity.

While we converse with what is above us, we do not grow old, but grow young. Infancy, looking upward, counts itself nothing, and abandons itself to the instruction flowing from all sides. But the men and women of seventy assume to know all, they have outlived their hope, they renounce aspirations, accept the actual for the necessary, and talk down to the young.

Character is always known. Thefts never enrich; alms never impoverish; murder will speak out of stone walls. The least admixture of a lie—for example, the smallest mixture of vanity, the least attempt to make a good impression, a favorable appearance—will instantly vitiate the effect; but speak the truth, and all nature and all spirits will help you with unexpected furtherance.

In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days, when we feel as if we could take the great world into our arms. Then comes the gloomy days, when the fire will neither burn on our hearths nor in our hearts, and all without and within is dismal, cold and dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not; and we often call a man cold when he is only sad.